

Slightly Soiled....

is nothing very serious but it is a thing we hardly like to keep in stock for we want our goods attractive.

SO HERE is an opportunity to get some

FINE BLANKETS

at a Reduced Price.

\$2.50 11-4 Blankets, slightly soiled, \$1.98 pair
\$3.00 11-4 Blankets, slightly soiled, \$2.48 pair
\$3.50 11-4 Blankets, slightly soiled, \$2.98 pair
\$4.00 11-4 Blankets, slightly soiled, \$3.38 pair
\$5.00 11-4 Blankets, slightly soiled, \$3.98 pair
1 lot 11-4 Blankets, a great bargain, 60c

THOMAS + Y
+ + SMILE Y
NORWAY, MAINE.

Special

LOW PRICE
FOR 2 WEEKS

Carpets

To Reduce Stock.

Best Extra Super, All Wool, 58c
Regular price 65c.
Good All Wool, extra super, 49c
Extra Good Moquette Rag, 3 ft. by 6 ft. 8.50

N. DAYTON
BOLSTER & CO.
SO. PARIS, MAINE.

If you would have a clear, fine complexion use one of the

Complexion Brushes

an excellent tonic for the skin, found at HALL'S DRUG STORE.

The Shaw College
and Portland School
PORTLAND, AUGUSTA, BANGOR AND HOUSTON, ME.
Actual business by mail and railroad. Offers practice for beginners. Bookkeepers, clerks and stenographers furnished to business men. Free catalogue. F. L. SHAW, President, Portland, Maine.

NEW LINE

OF

LADIES'

WRAPPERS.

ALSO

READY-MADE

Overskirts in

Novelties.

G. P. BEAN, Corner Church and Main Streets.

A WANT
AD. IN
THE
NEWS

Will bring in returns very quickly.
Try one. Rates—
One week 25 cents,
three weeks 50 cts.

The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 8, 1899.

Vol. IV. No. 37.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING.
ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED
UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

Fred I. Farwell is home from Representative Kilburn was at home over Sunday.

Mrs. Cyrus Arno has been quite feeble for several weeks. Randolph Stowell is quite feeble at the house of Ziba Durkee.

A. S. Twitchell of Gorham, N. H., was in our village last Thursday.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Arthur Varley Thursday afternoon.

Miss Vera Merrill, who has employment at Norway, spent Sunday at home.

Edmund Holt who has been confined to his house for several weeks, is much improved.

The Universal History Club will meet with Mrs. E. C. Rowe Monday evening Feb. 20.

Dr. Morton is considerably improved in health, from what he has been the last few weeks.

Edward King has in a new lot of Gould's Academy souvenir spoons. Call and examine them.

So much depends upon the purity of the blood that by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla many different diseases are cured.

News has been received of the death of Arlon Jordan at Copper River, Alaska. He was one of the Bethel party who started for the Klondike region last spring.

The Columbian Club will meet at Mrs. J. C. Billings, Friday afternoon at the usual hour, at which time the study of Da Vinci and Raphael will be continued.

The fire bell was sounded last Wednesday afternoon, calling out both fire companies. 'Twas only a burning chimney, however, which went out of its own free will before the firemen arrived.

Mrs. J. B. Chapman has recently presented Miss Wiley with framed pictures of George Washington, Martha Washington and Abraham Lincoln to be hung in Miss Wiley's room at the brick school building.

Deputy Sheriff Penley is again confined to the house on account of sickness. His health has been very poor during the winter, he not having been able to be at his place of business but a small portion of the time.

Speaking of cold weather, the record of the past two weeks is not a bad one. We are told by those who claim to know what they are talking about, that not one morning has seen the mercury above zero, while several have seen it shivering around 25 below.

Alphonso Penley who is at Havana writes interesting letters about Cuba, to his brother, Deputy Sheriff Milton Penley. He is delighted with Cuba, and says it is the finest place he has ever in.

He recently sent home a piece of the battleship Maine.

As we are reading in our exchanges of smart old gentlemen of eighty and eighty-five years, in different parts of the State, we see our own townsman, Alfred Twitchell, driving his team upon our streets at the age of ninety-five.

Mr. Twitchell retains his faculties remarkably, and is certainly a smart old gentleman.

Christian Endeavor Social.

The first of a series of socials will be given at Garland chapel, on Friday evening, Feb. 10. Mrs. Arthur Varley, President; Mrs. Gilbert Tuell, chaperone for Feb. 10; Miss Gehring, Messrs. Pratt and Carlson, entertainment committee. The programme will consist of a musicale, with musical games introduced, and marches. Parents and friends are most cordially invited.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses of 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AT THE COLUMBIAN CLUB.

One of the Immortals.

BY MRS. GEHRING.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti, soldier, architect, poet, painter and sculptor. If the Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens, the Jungfrau, and the Roman Coliseum had been given as subjects to a member of this club with the request that she should write a brief sketch of their intimate relations to the universal order and beauty, and present it in one paper before this critical circle of intelligent women, she would then have understood my consternation when this subject was assigned to me.

Michael Angelo, alone, was said to be capable of treating the colossal, in a colossal manner. There is enough material in this complex life to fill one entire winter with most interesting research, for no one can really know Michael Angelo unless they know something of his times and his contemporaries. I have felt, therefore, in facing this impossibility, that all I could hope to do would be to share with you some of the personal impressions which made a deep groove, in a foreign experience, regretting as never before, the diaries, photographs, and souvenirs, now in ashes, which would have been material far beyond what my faulty memory can render toward making this great personality, become more familiar.

In the darkness and storm of an October night, which made it difficult to realize that it was in "Sunny Italy," I found myself surrounded with unfamiliar sights and sounds, but midst all the bewilderment I was yet able to recognize that the river beneath the bridge I was crossing, was the "silver Arno" and that I was in Florence.

The Florence of Dante, with his Beatrice; of Savonarola, with his dream of a holy city; of Da Vinci, Donatello, Giotto, Rubbia, Raphael and, above all, in the Florence of Michael Angelo.

Even before I had entered into the more intimate relations that careful study brings, I felt that all the other great names meant but the measure of the stature of men, but that Michael Angelo was of heroic size, and was nearest the conception of what a Greek god might have seemed to an Athenian. You will not be surprised, therefore, to know that my first historical pilgrimage in Florence, was a search for the abode and belongings of Michael Angelo the man, hoping to make his personality more real before striving to follow his mighty flights in the study of his creations.

So imagine yourselves leaving with me the old Italian palace in which we made our home, with its lofty rooms, roof-garden and dangerous drainage, descending into the narrow streets, not as wide as Boston's Winter street, with the gesticulating, animated Florentines surging around us. We will cross the Arno with its many graceful bridges, and pausing a moment to gaze upon the soft outlines of the Apennines, will let our eyes rest upon the noble curves of the great Duomo, and then follow the beautiful lines of Giotto's lily-like Campanile, so clearly defined against the blue Italian sky. We will pass Il Bargello, the old palace that contains so many of Michael Angelo's famous works, and will pause before Dante's monument in the Piazza Santa Croce.

At Santa Croce itself, called the Westminster Abbey of Florence, we will halt, and entering its grey portals, reverently stand by the great master's tomb, remembering his pathetic wish that his body might lie in this spot, where the oft-swinging doors reveal the beauty of the vast Duomo; then on to Via Ghibellina, in which stands Casa Buonarroti, once the home of Michael Angelo.

No person with the faintest degree of imagination or capacity for hero-worship, can enter beneath that heavy doorway and stand within those walls without feeling the personality of its former occupant. Here are the rooms in which he lived from day to day, in which he walked and talked, thought and suffered, this man whose counterpart the world has never seen. You see before you the tables and chairs worn smooth by his usage; the canes his hands have held; the sword that was more than an ornament. You enter his study to gaze with wondering interest at his manuscripts, his architectural plans and drawings, looking with interest at even the closets and drawers which hold the original drafts of many of his famous works including the sketches of the "Last Judgment." You carefully observe the clay models of his great completed figures, particularly noticing the one that first embodied the thought of his David; and find the deepest interest of all

in following his thought in half-finished sketches, often recognizing their use in some of his works, but sometimes seeing that they were but the scribbles of a thinking pencil, noting a passing fancy. These roughly executed drafts made one feel strangely acquainted with his finished creations, as though one had been treated with marked preference, and invited behind the scenes.

Upon the walls of some of the rooms, artists in the sixteenth century painted scenes from his life, beginning with his childhood. These presentations of his developing life seem to enhance the wonderful atmosphere of personality which always envelops one when in the environments of the vanished great, whether it be in the study of Frederick the Great's Sans Souci, Humboldt's study, Savonarola's cell or in Napoleon's chamber. As I began the study of his works through the study of the man, I shall try to tell you something of what he was, interpreting his inner life, through his works, leaving all technical art-claims to wiser students, and acknowledging myself wholly incapable of helping you to realize what mountain peaks of sublimity his great masterpieces are, how difficult to scale, and how untranslatable the view from their summits.

The sun streams across the doors his feet have trodden; the flower-girls cry their wares beneath his windows, as of old; Italian songs are carolled in the streets through which he walked; the river flows on; but neither time nor seasons, nor the ebb and flow of human life can obliterate this great figure. He lives to-day, even among ourselves, enriching a continent and a people that he never knew.

The little Michael, can we conceive of his ever having had a pet name, was sent into the country to be nursed by a foster-mother, as was the custom of wealthy Italian families. His foster-father was a stone mason, and at three years of age little Michael was borrowing chisels and making baby efforts at their use. In after life the great master declared that he received his first artistic direction in the humble work-shop, on the hillside. We next find him, a lad of fourteen playing truant in order to haunt the studios of the artists, and coaxing from the busy sculptors under the patronage of Lorenzo, the art enthusiast, a block of marble, the use of their tools, and boldly copying the head of a faun. With characteristic originality he departed from the model, and his faun's mouth was widened with effish laughter, showing an unbroken row of teeth. Lorenzo, the Magnificent, in passing through the studio, was struck by the skill of the young aspirant, but laughingly criticised the faun, saying that if he were as old as Michael's conception of him, some of his teeth would be missing. Upon his next visit the faun had sustained the loss of several teeth, and the mouth had been so cleverly changed to suit the altered conditions, that Lorenzo instantly recognized the latent talent in the boy took and him under his own patronage, even under his own roof. Thus the naughty little boy who would not go to school, was aided to follow his destiny.

He remained with his royal patron for several years, in fact, until Lorenzo's death, and even after the loss of this, so valuable a friend, he was still under the patronage of Lorenzo's son, whose chief claim to our remembrance lies in the story of his ordering Michael Angelo to make a statue of snow, an unprecedented fall of snow having filled the Florentines with wonder. His contemporaries seemed to have felt that such an order was an indignity, but as the young sculptor was not yet twenty years of age, a New Englander can easily understand his ready submission to such a command.

Like Raphael, Michael Angelo did not confine his art-life to Florence, although no other Florentine ever left such marks of personality upon the life of the city. It has been asked who can see the famous bronze doors of the Baptistery without remembering that Michael Angelo said they might be the gates to Paradise; or who will ever cease to have a whimsical gratitude when standing before or seeing a picture of Donatello's St. Giorgio, that the master summed up his criticism into the one trenchant word "March"; or can forget before Santa Maria Novella, all fresh and shining as the beautiful church must have been in his day, that he called it "The Bride."

At twenty-four years of age he was in Rome, having already created a masterpiece that ranked him as the greatest living sculptor. Can you wonder that the first hour I entered St. Peter's found me before La Pietà? One cannot separate Michael Angelo's works from his life experiences. There, before the infinite pathos of a dead Christ lying in such pitiful helplessness across his mother's lap, with her agonized face bending over him, not speechless but voiceful to every mother's heart, one could seem to trace the suffering that must have gone on in Michael Angelo's young life as he had followed Savonarola's martyrdom to its terrible issue in tempest-tossed and sin-swept Florence.

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ed daughter, who would, no doubt, look down on me. I have my bread and butter to earn, and had better confine myself to it."

"Possibly you are right. But how came your father to lose his money? I thought he inherited a fine fortune."

"Yes sir, but he was drawn into incurring responsibility for a relative. He is not ruined by any means, but is merely hampered and thinks he will pull through all right in time with a little economy and prudence, and I have no doubt he will. But I am only in his way, or I would have remained."

"Have you ever thought of trying farming?"

"No sir. I have no capital, and know nothing of it."

"Do you know more of selling groceries and dry goods?"

"Not a bit more; but you see, I am paid something there while I learn."

"Your friend, or your acquaintance as you call him, goes to Griffin, too, does he?"

"Yes sir, but he goes there in a different capacity. I believe he represents his father in some transaction about property with the Judge, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation, and take in the Judge's daughter. Though that is impertinent of me, for he has said nothing of the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be able to pick and choose at his pleasure?" inquired the girl looking quizzically over her father's shoulder.

"He can be fascinating when he chooses, I am told," replied Bolling; "and as he is handsome, an only son, and his father worth millions, he is at least, what elderly ladies call 'a good catch.'"

"He puts up his fascination along with his courtesy, I suppose, and leaves both at home when he travels," said the girl.

"Lucy! Lucy!" cried her father, "some thoughts had better be unspoken."

The conversation turned into other channels. But the old farmer still pursued his queries in the most artful way. There is a strong thirst for information in the rural mind, but in this instance it seemed to be personal.

At last, the elegant Jim Poulter came back from the smoking-car, with a strong nicotian aroma shedding itself from his person. He brought something more with him. His voice had that thickness which told of the draining of his pocket-flask. He was jolly and confidential.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said, "to have left you so long. Been bored to death for want of company, haven't you?"

"Oh, no! I have enjoyed a very pleasant conversation with your genial neighbor over the way."

"Genial! Well of all the queer chaps for picking up all low acquaintances, you beat 'em, and give 'em six in the game."

"Sh-h! They'll hear you."

"Let 'em, who cares? Going to stop at the Junction?"

"No, there is a one-horse sort of connecting train, I learn, and I shall put on to Griffin at once."

"I shan't. I'll lie over a day. I'm sort of worn out, and I'll come over to-morrow as fresh as a daisy. Hope you'll have a good time among the cheese and candles. I intend to look in on you before I leave, and see how ooth the little luvvy bee improve each shining hour."

"Thank you, you're very kind." The brakeman craned his neck in the door, and uttered some sounds, apparently "Griffin Junction," which the experienced ear understood to be Griffin Junction, and the travelers for that point left the cars. Poulter made his way with his luggage, to the little hotel there, while the farmer and daughter, followed by Bolling, made theirs to the single car, with a little superannuated engine attached, which stood waiting. There were no other passengers, and the three had the car to themselves.

"Come over here, Mr. Bolling," said the old man, after the car had been in motion a while, "I want to talk with you a bit. Turn down that seat. That will do. You said you had a letter for Judge Carter, and didn't intend to deliver it."

"Yes sir."

"Did it never occur, young man, that it was your duty to obey a father's orders?"

"I trust, sir, that I am usually obedient. It was not a positive order. I shall write to him and explain."

"I tell you that you should deliver that letter to its proper owner. You are only a trustee in the case. I am Judge Carter, and

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Figures

Talk.

Final and last Slash in Prices of Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

Black and Brown, all wool Kersey Overcoats, worsted and satin linings, (good enough for the Governor). Regular price here only \$12, to close

Regular price. | Nov.

Black, all wool Kersey Overcoats, \$10.00 \$7.50

Black, all wool Kersey Overcoats, 7.50 5.50

Black Cheviot Overcoats 5.00 4.00

Best Irish Frieze Ulsters, 10.00 7.50

Good fair quality " 5.00 4.00

Double-breasted Suits, \$10 & \$11 7.50

Fine, all wool, double-breasted Suits, \$8 & \$9 5.50

Camel's hair Shirts and Drawers, d. breasted Shirts, .50 .39

Natural wool, Shirts and Drawers, cheap at \$1 .75

Best quality, lamb lined, 10 oz. Duck Coats, only 3.00

Men's and Boys' Caps

Mittens and Gloves at extremely low prices.

It will pay you to buy for another year if you do not need now.

Yours respectfully,

L. B. Andrews,

(Successor to C. W. Bowker & Co.)

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Only two minutes walk from G. T. depot.

ONLY A FEW LEFT of the WINTER GARMENTS.

JACKETS & CAPES.

A few capes at the low price of \$1.98 of \$2.25 \$4.00 AND \$5.00.

All lined, all trimmed with fur. We shall hold this price until the lot is closed.

JACKETS for

\$2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50 & \$4.

All good style, this year's goods.

Some now while we have all sizes.

Merriett Welch,

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Marble & Granite Workers.

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Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.

Get our prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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